The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1923 NUMBER 463

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The Week

THE German Chancellor, Herr Stresemann, is putting up a brave fight on behalf of the survival of a constitutional régime in Germany. He has succeeded in reorganizing his Cabinet and in maintaining himself as the chief of a nominal German government. With a little encouragement from M. Poincaré, he might continue to act as Chancellor during the interval preceding the announcement of the French terms. M. Poincaré, however, does not propose to encourage any German government, and Herr Stresemann will probably have to step out soon or remain in power not as the head of a Cabinet which rests on a parliamentary majority but as a dictator who rules by military force and martial law. A government which rests on a coalition of parties and consequently on some measure of positive cooperation and consent is rapidly becoming an anachronism in Germany and throughout Central Europe. Parties cannot seriously cooperate in the attempt to perform impossible and humiliating acts. German society is dissolving under French pressure. It will require an exhibition of sustained compulsion to govern Germany. The question is: which of the several possible factions is capable of exerting the compulsion? Probably several will try and none will permanently succeed. On account of reasons which we elaborate elsewhere in this issue, the only possible alternative seems to be either the political dissolution of Germany, with France in occupation of the Rhineland and the Ruhr, or the government of the vanquished country by a commission of the victors.

M. POINCARÉ in one of his recent Sunday sermons insisted that he had behind him the whole of France; and he scouted the idea of any change in French policy as the result of the elections of next spring. His contention is probably true. M. Aristide Briand, the ablest of his possible opponents, has come out almost unequivocally in support of his policy. In relation to the questions raised by the Ruhr occupation, there is no French liberal party. The only alternatives are Poincaré or Cachin. The next Chamber may contain a larger proportion of deputies who are followers of Briand and Loucheur rather than Poincaré, but if the former should turn the latter out, they could not modify his policy. They too consider security more important than reparations; and M. Poincaré has made French security depend upon the military, economic, political and moral dissolution of Germany. No French party except the Communists seems capable of adopting any strategy with respect to Germany except a strategy of annihilation.

EVIDENTLY the British Cabinet is divided as to what British policy should be with respect to France and the Ruhr. Lord Curzon's discourse to the Imperial Conference on the foreign affairs of the Empire betrayed the division. Recently the Prime Minister insisted on the necessity of cooperation with France and by so doing implicitly assumed the possibility of cooperation without the sacrifice of British interests. Now the chief of the Foreign Office repeats the former predictions of the British government about the disastrous consequences of the French coercion of Germany, asserts that these gloomy prophecies are being fully realized and asks the French, now that the Germans have capitulated, to open negotiations and specify their terms. How can the British govern-

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ment cooperate in carrying out a policy which it considers disastrous and from which, now more than ever the French will not budge? The truth is, of course, that the British like the Germans do not know what in the world to do. They cannot go with France and they do not dare to go against her. Yet they must sooner or later do one or the other.

IT is difficult to understand why Mr. Lloyd George visited Canada and the United States at the present time unless he, like his predecessor M. Clemenceau, had a message which he would like to deliver to the American public. Of what that message is, his speech on arrival affords no inkling. It was filled with amiable and inoffensive generalities. His later speeches will, of course, be more illuminating and candid; and we sincerely hope both for his sake and that of his public in this country that he will devote them to informing his American auditors and readers about one particular and important subject. The ordinary American has no understanding of the conditions, the misgivings, the hopes and the aspirations which determine at the present moment the position and the policy of the British government. His speeches should be devoted to exposing, as he sees it, the present state of the realm of Great Britain. His country is passing through a period in its policy and in its development which suggests ominous possibilities and raises novel problems of extreme difficulty. His countrymen are apprehensive of prolonged economic sterility and unmanageable political and social vicissitudes. They have reasons for these fears of which very few Americans are sufficiently aware. If he only knows what to say and how to say it, he is better able to enlighten them than is any other living Englishman or American.

IN pre-presidential campaign politics the most important event of the week has been the refusal of Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania to accept the passive rôle of favorite son under the chaperonage of the official representatives of the state in the Cabinet and the Senate, and his decision, if he enters the campaign at all, to do so in control of his own campaign and of his own delegates. This is an attitude which may have a wholesome influence. The favorite son has been too often a red herring, through which the party voters have lost the scent of national issues and been drawn into sectional byways, where their representatives could be corralled and delivered by bosses in accordance with arrangements arrived at previously or subsequently to the convention. Governor Pinchot's announcement is significant of the present status of the Republican campaign. If President Coolidge can give to his party genuine and progressive leadership during the period of the next Congress Mr. Pinchot will not take the field against him, and doubtless other candidates will follow this example. Meanwhile, for them it is a time of watchful waiting, and for the President of watching his step.

THE report of the commission investigating the Janina murders severely arraigns the Conference of Ambassadors for their decision to allow Mussolini the entire sum of 50,000,000 lire paid by Greece as a forfeit. The commission finds that the murderers were in all probability not Greeks; that the Greek government had offered military protection to the head of the Italian mission, which was declined; and that it had done all that was possible to apprehend the assassins. In view of the part which the Conference of Ambassadors played in the affair it is permissible to wonder whether their indecent haste in handing over the loot to the bandit was not actuated by the probability that the official investigation would make such action still less defensible than it was.

AMONG the persons convicted of offences under the Espionage law one hundred and seventy-five were members of the I. W. W. This fact in itself suggests that the war situation was made use of by opponents of the I. W. W., who also organized riotous attacks on their headquarters and flogging parties "in the name of the women and children of Belgium." Another inference to the same effect may be drawn from the fact that while men convicted of plotting violence or of selling draft exemptions have all been pardoned, there remain in the federal prison thirty-one members of the I. W. W.

OF these, eight were tried at Chicago, two at Kansas City, and twenty-one at Sacramento. To eleven of these President Harding offered conditional commutation on the cat-and-mouse plan last June, but they refused to sign what they regarded as a confession of crime. In regard to the Kansas City men Judge Pollock, the trial judge, and Fred Robertson, the prosecuting attorney, joined last May in a recommendation to the Department of Justice of immediate and unconditional amnesty, and have since protested that the evidence of the trial furnished no basis for discrimination against the men to whom clemency was denied on any terms. The Sacramento men have been in confinement between five and six years, during which time five of their comrades have died, one has gone insane, and two are in the last stages of tuberculosis.

THERE is an impression that the cases of the California men differ from those of the other prisoners in that they were guilty of overt acts and thus are properly excluded from President Coolidge's conception of "reasonable clemency." The overt acts charged against them were the burning of some hayricks, cars and buildings, the placing in

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certain fields of some chemicals often used for exterminating rodents, and the transporting of dynamite without a license. The evidence on which they were convicted was furnished by two witnesses—one a tramp with a prison record, and the other a former member of the I. W. W. who turned informer after being found $1,500 short in his accounting for relief funds. The presiding judge cautioned the jury that such testimony should be received with reserve. On the other hand, the two counts in the indictment have been thrown out by the Appellate Court of the 8th Circuit (Kansas), in the similar cases which it reviewed. The only difference between the Sacramento cases and those of the other I. W. W.'s was that the former refused to plead—and considering the ignominious depth to which judicial procedure had sunk during the war, they certainly had some excuse. To hold these men longer in prison is behavior unworthy of a humane or civilized government. By quibbling about "reasonable clemency" President Coolidge accepts responsibility with his predecessors for a failure to exercise either equal justice or reasonable mercy—and adds to it.

ELLIS SEARLES, official alarmist for the United Mine Workers, is learning something about the weaving of tangled webs. John C. Brydon, President of the National Coal Association, has ridiculed the assertions of Mr. Searles as to the responsibility of the Reds for violence in the coal fields. There is nothing for Mr. Searles to do but to make a Red out of Mr. Brydon. It is impossible, but has not man been defined as the animal that does the impossible? Here is the way Mr. Searles attacks the problem. The non-union operators hate the United Mine Workers. The Reds are the most irreconcilable foes of the controlling faction in the organization. Therefore the non-union operators must protect the Reds, as the Imperial German government protected Lenin and Trotsky. If this logic is not sufficient to convince, look at the facts. Mr. Brydon coolly ignored the offer of the Union to help him in running down the Communistic perpetrators of outrages in Somerset County. Why? Because Mr. Brydon didn't want any interference with the activities of his friends the Reds.

THE New York newspaper reader has now had a preliminary sample of the workmanship of the new labor daily, the New York Leader. How does it stand up beside the rest of the evening press, as a general newspaper? Our impression is that it meets the test remarkably well. It handles the news as fully as the other newspapers do, and the writing is clearer and more attractive than the average. The selection of news assumes a higher level of intelligence in the newspaper buyer than is assumed by the average editorial office. The editorial page, the book reviews and the dramatic criticism also make the assumption that the newspaper reader prefers sense to rubbish. The Duffy cartoons challenge comparison with the best in the country. This assumption of the intelligence of the masses, rather than any direct partisanship, is what makes the Leader a labor paper. A press that flouts the democracy may properly write itself down to the moron level of intelligence. Not so a paper which makes the cause of the democracy its own.

THERE is good precedent for the Leader's policy of aiming primarily at intelligence and realism in its endeavor to meet the needs of its working-class constituents. For many years the Social-Democratic Politiken of Copenhagen has held its place as the most intelligent newspaper on the continent of Europe. The Politiken offers from day to day not only an uncommonly expert and candid discussion of the political and social movement in Europe, but also a competent account of what is going on in the world of science, art, literature, philosophy. No European scholar is so highbrow as to scorn an opportunity to present the substance of his discoveries in the Politiken. The result is that everybody in Copenhagen, whether pro-labor or anti-labor, has to read the Politiken. If the New York Leader is able to go on in the direction in which it is moving, it stands a chance of repeating the experience of the Politiken and of proving that it is the stupidity of editors, not that of the public, that is responsible for the current plague of "writing down."

THE survey by the Census Bureau shows that in 1922 the ratio of divorce to marriage was 1 to 7.6. In 1916, the last previous survey showed a ratio of 1 to 9.3. In the interval the number of marriages has fallen off 2.08 percent in proportion to the population, and the divorces have increased 21.4 percent. We are in entire agreement with our contemporary The Christian Century when it says:

> The story of marriage and its sanctities is long and full of adventure. But it has been a progressive realization of the principles of sacrifice, loyalty to obligation, reverence for personality, and the ever higher evaluation of childhood. These products of the age-long evolutionary process are not to be thrown lightly aside at the suggestion of those who have adequate knowledge neither of history nor psychology, nor the desire to undertake the responsibilities which have proved basic in the progress of the race.

Nevertheless we submit that the figures quoted above show that sex morality is a problem which must be faced in the light of contemporary facts, not merely of historic perspective.

THERE is no sight more inspiring than a generous and portly teacher, puffingly shaking down the plums for the good boys of his class. Behold Nicholas Murray Butler, handing out governor-

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ships and seats in Congress—isn't he wonderful? "By common consent"—that is by the consent of N. M. B.—the two men best fitted for the governorship of New York are Henry M. Sage and H. Edmund Machold. Congressman Mills would do very well but N. M. B. has a better use for him in Congress. Judge Frederick E. Crane would also do, but he, too, is needed where he is. When Dr. Butler passes from men and plums to issues and pickles, the ground seems to quake a bit under his tread. We recall his adventures in the interpretation of California sentiment that lost Hughes the presidency. Dr. Butler advised Hughes to play for the whale vote: the smaller fry would follow. Unfortunately, the smaller fry, instead of following, fled in shoals, to Wilson. Absit omen.

PROHIBITION has greatly reduced general crime in Chicago, according to a dispatch published in the New York Leader. Holdups, payroll and jewelry store robberies have dropped fifty percent below 1919; burglaries have fallen forty-three percent below 1919 and thirty percent below 1922. The cause of this improvement is, however, not so encouraging. More money is to be made, and easier money, by bootlegging. The criminal population respects economic law, if no other, and goes where the rewards of effort are richest. When Chicago braces itself to actual enforcement of prohibition, the burglars and highwaymen will go back to their old jobs. There will be more of them, too, because the bootlegging business is training thousands of young men in the art of living merrily without the law. It is too obvious for argument that the longer our present scheme of feeble and sporadic enforcement lasts, the worse for public order.

THE situation in the Philippines is rapidly assuming an aspect of serious disorganization. The recent election has given the Coalition party endorsement in its opposition to Governor General Wood and a majority in the legislature. It is now proposed that this majority shall accept a policy of non-cooperation, refusing to adopt any of the recommendations of the Governor General because he has disregarded the Council of State. It is of little use to point out at Manila that this policy will prove a serious obstacle to the good relations between the Philippines and the people of the United States on which, in the last analysis, the fate of the former depends. It may be of more use to urge common sense upon Washington. The Philippines are at that stage of self-government in which a deadlock may result in the negation of all government whatsoever and a return to military control. It is the duty and the interest of the United States to avoid this contingency at all costs. We do not want any more Filipino blood on our consciences. If General Governor Wood cannot agree with the people whom he is sent to govern, presumably for their good, no reason of prestige or political influence should stand in the way of his immediate recall.

THE triumph of the Gompers organization over more radical interpretations of the labor movement at the convention of the A. F. of L. was promoted by familiar tactics. A terrific fire against the communists was directed to include in its spray all critics of the organization. It is interesting to note that Mr. Ellis Searles of the United Mine Workers who laid down the barrage used the ammunition which was furnished to the Boston Transcript a year ago by Mr. R. M. Whitney in the article called The Reds in America. The final triumph of the organization was the expulsion of William F. Dunne by the vote of 27,838 to 107.

DR. KOPELOFF wishes us to express his regret that credit was not given by name to Doctors Gies, Kahn and Limerick for passages quoted from their pamphlet The Effect of Tobacco on Man in his article on Tobacco in the New Republic for September 5.

The Politics of Annihilation

THE first Stresemann government which was formed to go through with the ugly job of capitulating to France has fallen before its work was accomplished. Its fall was due ostensibly to the withdrawal of its Socialist members, whose party associates would not consent to the proposed abrogation of the eight-hour day; but the real reason was manifestly of a different kind. Precisely because the Stresemann government was formed for the purpose of capitulating to France, its prestige depended upon the favor with which Paris received its overtures. The Germans are suffering so terribly that they would put up at least for a while with any government which could succeed in placating France and making it easier for them to live. But M. Poincaré greeted Herr Stresemann's overtures as usual with contempt and without the indication of any disposition to ease German suffering. It was inevitable, consequently, that Stresemann's first Cabinet, like that of Wirth and all his predecessors who tried a strategy of conciliation, should die or reform as the result of its own ineptitude. The policy of M. Poincaré renders orderly and responsible government in Germany impossible. Its object is from the German point of view wholly destructive. He proposes to make life for all Germans who object to subjugation to France as intolerable as it was during the war for the inhabitants of the occupied districts.

Up to date the French government has displayed the utmost ingenuity and determination in pursuing this strategy of annihilation. It has destroyed in Germany values which are much more difficult to replace than the values which the Germans de-

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stroyed in France. It has annihilated the national security of the German people, their machinery of economic production, their means of livelihood and the effectiveness of the motives which induce them to lead orderly, constructive and responsible lives. It has not yet succeeded in destroying their means of subsistence. The Germans are still in a condition only of semi-starvation. But at the present rate it will during the next six months remedy this shortcoming of the complete success of the strategy of annihilation. M. Poincaré is fully justified in boasting that he is taking away from the Germans both the disposition and the power to attack France again. The only certain means which according to his philosophy would accomplish this result was the disintegration of the political structure of Germany, the breaking of the will of the German nation and the ultimate extermination of a substantial percentage of the German people.

Consider for a moment the effect of the French policy in depriving the Germans of any sufficient motive to lead orderly, consecutive, productive and responsible lives. The indispensable condition of such a life is some measure of individual and social security—the assurance on the part of those who labor, plan, and accumulate property that they will enjoy at least to some extent the fruits of their labor, their contrivance, their self-denial and their good will. No German has since the armistice possessed such an assurance. During the whole of that period the Allied victors have insisted on their right to collect a bill for reparations, which, if any serious attempt at collection were made, would deprive the Germans for several generations of their whole economic surplus. The claim, backed as it was by the signature of Germany to the Treaty and the overwhelming military and economic power of the victors, was equivalent to the confiscation of private and public property in Germany. It killed the motive to labor, to plan for the future, accumulate capital and to build up economic and social tissue. Of course the Germans kept on working. There was no other way of living from day to day. But they carried on their work in a moral vacuum. They did not even have so much incentive to labor fruitfully as convicts have. Convicts have shelter and food guaranteed to them. They can look forward to commutation of sentence for good behavior and to ultimate release. But the Germans could look forward to nothing except a life of toil from which they themselves would never profit, and from which they could escape, if at all, only by death or by performing heroic impossibilities for the benefit of people who hated them and whom they hated.

Their moral insecurity was reenforced by a bitter conviction that they were playing a game in which the cards were stacked against them. They were carrying on a law suit in which their opponent was able and willing to judge his own case. Everything which they did was wrong and everything France did was right. They had plausible reasons for believing that the bill for reparations was doubled, contrary to the terms of the armistice, particularly for the purpose of reducing them to economic subjection. They had plausible reasons for believing that although the French government proposed to seize the economic vitals of Germany on the pretext of her violation of the Treaty, it was itself perfectly willing to violate the Treaty in order to carry on its work of destruction. But most fatal of all was the moral lesion which was bound to overcome them as a result of their signature of the Treaty itself. Germany during the war was pictured as a social outcast because in the case of the Belgian treaty she repudiated a solemn promise. Yet the war was no sooner over than the victors forced her under the threat of immediate starvation to swear to many engagements which they knew and she knew that she would not and could not make good. They laid a broad foundation for the subsequent work of disintegration by forcing from Germany a formal consent to her future annihilation and establishing a kingdom of fear, deceit and revolt in the hearts of almost all individual Germans. The only escape from the reign of fear and deceit was the reign of rage or unreality.

This work, as we said in the beginning, is now nearing completion. The economic life of Germany is paralyzed. The paralysis is so complete that even under the most favorable conditions it would take her a long time to recover, but, of course, the conditions will be kept as unfavorable as possible. The German people like those of Austria will soon become objects of charity. Although they are being punished because they have not paid billions out of an economic surplus to other countries, they will have to be kept alive by gifts from abroad and of course chiefly from the United States. The economic paralysis will induce certain classes of Germans to seek violent political compensations. All orderly government, whether republican or autocratic, having been rendered impossible, some kind of dictatorship will be substituted for it—a dictatorship which will be tempered only by revolution and assassination. The Germans may during the coming year try several different dictators, first one of the Centre and then perhaps one of the Right and of the Left. But we doubt whether any German or group of Germans can for the present govern Germany. The demoralization is too complete. The inclination to practice upon their fellow countrymen the blows which they would like to deal to their foreign enemies is too irresistible. The only dictatorship which will ultimately restore even the semblance of order in Germany is a dictatorship of foreigners. France and Great Britain, but particularly France, have between them deprived Germans of the power and the will to govern themselves. France and Great Britain between them will have to substitute some-

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thing for what they have destroyed. The only government which Germans will recognize is either a government by Germans which will turn the foreigners out or a government by foreigners which will mitigate the present sufferings of the German people.

Americans who return from France report the existence in Paris of a complacent and jubilant state of mind about the success of the Ruhr policy. French opinion foresees the entire collapse of Germany and considers that the French political strategy has won an abounding victory. M. Poincaré has, in truth, shown great tenacity and conviction in accomplishing by political and moral pressure a work of destruction the like of which in the past has usually been turned over to soldiers. The armies of Louis XIV once converted the Palatinate into a physical desert. The armies of Kaiser Wilhelm converted a part of northern France into a physical desert and forced the French and the allies of France to contribute to the work of devastation. But the French are well revenged. They have not wrecked German buildings and swept German land clean of human habitations, conveniences and proprieties. But they have converted the German commonwealth into a moral desert which soon will be inhabited with people who are half starved and half mad. They have forced Germany to contribute to her own moral impotence. They have created a Germany which is far more dreary, more terrifying, more ugly and more difficult to reconstruct than devastated France. If the law of compensation demanded that the Germans pay as they have paid and should have paid for devastating France, what kind of payment will it eventually demand of France for the more cruel, ruthless and costly devastation of imponderable Germany?

The Agrarian Problem

IT is the fashion just now among the spokesmen of finance and industry to belittle the grievances of the farmers. Wheat, everybody agrees, is too low. At the prevailing prices the man who is primarily a wheat farmer finds it practically impossible to make a decent living. But only a minority of farmers, we are assured, are living by wheat alone. The wheat crop is less important than corn and cotton, and both of those staples command very good prices indeed. There is money to be made in meat production and dairying. The production of poultry and eggs draws handsome sums to the rural districts. Apparently, then, all that ails agriculture is failure to readjust its production to peace-time requirements. It may be wise for the government to ease off the present difficulties of the wheat growers by assistance in the formation of marketing associations, or even of export arrangements. But the real remedy lies with the wheat farmers themselves. They must diversify their production, with a clear view to the requirements of the American market.

All this may be sound sense, in so far as the specific problem of the wheat grower is concerned. It need not be supposed that he will remain indefinitely in a worse position than other farmers. When he has got back to a position of parity with other farmers, however, just where will he be? In an essentially unprivileged class, in the midst of a world of privilege. That is the real agrarian problem in America. It explains the intense bitterness that crops up whenever any particular staple drops below cost of production. The farmer knows well that his employment is peculiarly exposed to price fluctuations. He has accepted this condition. He would complain as little as any other man about sporadic fluctuations that sap the profit out of one of his undertakings or another. What he complains of now is that both the ups and downs of the market are apt to range on the under side of a living wage.

We could produce statistics showing how the average income of the farmer stands relatively to that of the railway worker, the artisan, the industrial worker. Statistics, however, tell only an infinitesimal part of the story, and too often tempt the student into drawing bold comparisons between conditions that are really incomparable. The industrial worker has his own world, a world of jobs, agreeable or disagreeable, under an employer to be cajoled or fought; a world of employment, of rising rents and exorbitant food prices. The farmer's world combines the cares of the property owner and the manager with those of the laborer. No man farms successfully unless he can carry his farm around with him, waking or sleeping, like a snail in its shell. Care is his portion. It is worth noting that the good old word "careworn," which nobody applies nowadays to any urban dweller, naturally presses into one's mind whenever one meets a group of middle-aged farmers. They do not say care, themselves; they say "worry." And an astounding proportion of them say that they do not want their children to succeed to the work and worry of the farmer's life. A still larger proportion of the children have it fixed in their minds that they will escape from the farm as soon as possible. That is the really significant fact.

The farmer's children do actually leave the farm. They leave in such numbers that the rural population is diminishing absolutely, in spite of its great natural fecundity. And that, say the laissez-faire economists, is just the hopeful sign of the times. Our city consumers become more numerous, our country producers fewer; it must follow that agricultural prices will rise, until the balance has been redressed and the farmer fares as well as any one else.

That is an easy solution. It is the more worth

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considering because it has been tried out in England, and less thoroughly, for want of time, in Germany. Did the balance ever redress itself properly in England? No, as agriculture dwindled to insignificance, the political power of the cities became so great as to prevent any interference with the natural tendency to seek food in the cheapest market. The British farmer might grow wheat, if he could meet the competition of the abstemious Hindoo, the Russian peasant and the American farmer ruthlessly skimming the fertility of virgin lands. In recent decades British statesmen have evolved many plans for restoring agriculture. They have made no progress. It is one thing to keep an existing agricultural population thriving, as France has managed to do, and quite another thing to infuse new life into an agriculture that is half dead.

We still have an agricultural population that is full of vigor, as the political unrest it evinces would alone suffice to show. Do we wish it to survive? Then we had better drop our complacent view that the farmer is well enough off in spite of his unrest, and attempt to ascertain what factors in our institutional scheme are working against his welfare.

We shall find, in the first place, that the growth of combinations, both of capital and labor, have placed him at a grave disadvantage. Trusts, combinations, manufacturers' associations have raised the prices of the things he buys to a level affording "fair profits." Trade unions are raising the level of wages to a living basis. In this world of combinations the farmer lives as an individual, with only here and there a successful cooperative marketing association to show him what individualism costs. We cannot go back to individualism in commerce and industry. Therefore we have to go forward to cooperative marketing in agriculture, and not only destroy the obstacles that private business has thrown across the path of cooperative marketing, but readjust our financial system to take care of cooperative marketing, not sporadically, but as part of a deliberate system.

Next to combinations, the transportation system has offered the farmer his greatest number of grievances. He is told that the railways are not charging more for the transportation of goods than is necessary to give them a fair profit. That may or may not be true. In any case, it is an open question whether the existing structure of rates does not unduly favor the manufacturer as compared with the farmer, industrial concentration as compared with that diffusion of industries that would bring the industrial population nearer to the soil and make real diversification of agriculture practicable.

The farmer's third great grievance, his exploitation by the money lenders, is no doubt being gradually abated under the recent rural credits laws. Many of the disabilities of the earlier condition of excessive interest charges remain, embodied in the burden of indebtedness. By the energetic extension of the rural credits system, the financial grievances of the farmer may be removed in time, provided that he receives fair treatment in the prices of his products.

We are not offering here an exhaustive list of the reforms that must be undertaken if agriculture is to prosper. Our purpose is simply to emphasize the gravity of the agrarian problem, the folly of leaving the problem to settle itself. It will settle itself, if it is let alone, but in a way that is not likely to suit those who wish to maintain the stability of American institutions.

The A. F. of L. and the Future

THE expected revolution in the leadership and policies of the American Federation of Labor is about to be postponed once again. For some forty years now Mr. Gompers and his associates have met the opposition and routed it. The same story is being repeated in Portland this week. The apostles of regularity within the Federation have told their stories and have won, in no unmistakable fashion, the approval of the convention. Major Berry, fresh from suppressing the pressmen's insurrection in New York, has reported, amid storms of applause, how he successfully protected the fair name of American international unions. John L. Lewis, with no hostile gallery to annoy him, continued his attack on the communists within the miners' ranks. Before an alien audience in Portland, Mr. Gompers made his usually vigorous denunciation of (what this year happens to be) communism. A new note was injected into an otherwise old situation when Mr. Frank Hodges, the brilliant, young, university-trained leader of the British miners, attributed "boring from within" of the communist pattern to the Asiatic type of mind. And Mr. Matthew Woll summarized the proceedings by announcing the virtual extinction of communism as an effective factor in the labor movement.

In all probability Mr. Woll is right. There may still be one final kick left in Mr. Foster's communists, but for all practical purposes they seem to have met the fate of the members of that long succession of minorities which have played so futile a part in the history of the labor movement in this country. From the activities of Eugene Debs in the nineties, through the operation of the Chicago and Detroit I. W. W.'s, the One Big Union in the textile industry, to this latest manifestation of Mr. Foster's, oppositions have encountered swift and disastrous defeat. At the beginning of this latest phase of his career, indeed, Foster seems to have read intelligently the history of trade union politics and to have been guided by it. Gradually, however, he, too, fell into the traps.

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To the onlooker it is not hard to regard Mr. Foster and these leaders of the opposition as fellow conspirators who connive at keeping Mr. Gompers and his machine in power.

Sordid as the game of politics in the trade union movement is, we must reject this easy explanation of the course of events. There is no reason and no evidence for not regarding the leaders of both sides as honest men. Where these oppositions have failed, they have failed because their leaders misread the minds of the rank and file and because they were inexpert in playing the game of practical politics. These causes of failure are clearly indicated in the career of Foster himself. Disregarding his earlier work as a pamphleteer, he achieved distinction and influence in the movement after his successful organization campaigns among the packing house and steel employees. Here, in spite of the ill-concealed displeasure with which his efforts were greeted by Mr. Gompers, Foster stood on a firm foundation. He had accomplished a difficult piece of organization work and had thereby strengthened the labor movement. No manner of attack was successful in dissipating either his prestige or his influence. Then he formulated his "boring-from-within" policy and the fight was on between him and the regulars in the A. F. of L. Foster had become a dangerous leader of the opposition and, apparently, a competent one. From that time on the problem in the tactics of the Old Guard was to identify Foster's activities with anything that would tend to discredit him with the members of the movement. For the solution of that problem, the Old Guard has Mr. Foster himself to thank. He solved it by allying himself openly with the communists. A little publicity and the fight was over. It was over months ago. Even these fumings that have in the past week come out of Portland are not campaign slogans. They are obituary notices.

For communism with its Russian implications is just the kind of issue Mr. Gompers would have wanted Foster to seize. To the common run of American trade unionists it has no significance at all; and in most of the places where it has significance, it engenders distrust and hostility. That Foster's efforts might have been more liberally rewarded had he been more astute in the choice of his issues is illustrated by his greater achievements when his affiliations were with the railroad unions and the Chicago Federation of Labor, not with the communists. At that convention of the American Federation of Labor in which the Gompers and anti-Gompers forces fought over the endorsement of the Plumb Plan, Mr. Gompers and his supporters had a closer run for their money than they had had in years. It is true that it was difficult to follow up quickly the first advantage; but the whole fight unquestionably revealed the potency of an issue that appeals to the imagination and interest of the rank and file. Unfortunately for the longevity of trade union minorities, their leaders are impatient and must move with unparalleled swiftness to their predetermined goal, or they are not satisfied.

Political error in the leadership of large popular movements may consist not only in choosing the wrong direction for progress, but also in attempting to achieve too accelerated a rate of progress even in the right direction. To such an error may properly be ascribed Foster's fortunes with the issue of amalgamation. No one can question the reality of the benefits to be derived from a more thorough-going amalgamation of the existing trade unions in this country. At the same time the obstacles in the way of amalgamation are of a peculiarly forbidding character. They have to do not only with the vested interests of the officialdom of unions but with the vested interest of the members themselves. Where this is the case a given goal is often most readily approached indirectly, the more particularly since the evils which amalgamation is designed to remove may be the result of factors other than the separateness of craft unions. It is doubtful, for example, whether industrial unionism would furnish anything like a solution for the prevailing acute problems of the building trades unions and the construction industry. Much the same thing is true of such sore spots in the general labor situation as the labor policy of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the non-union policy of the West Virginia coal operators. If political issues are to be chosen on grounds of relevance and importance, then amalgamation can afford to wait a while.

Leaders of the opposition in the American labor movement have, until the present, been victims of their enthusiasm. Where, as with Foster, they had studied past experience before assuming leadership, they forget their lessons too soon. All they can do is take advantage of those occasional upheavals which are the product of outbursts of idealism and reactions against some gross injustice of the old administration. Failing this, power and political control remain where they have long been, not for lack of effective issues, but for the failure of the minorities to produce qualified leadership.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1923, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK. HERBERT CROLY, PRES. ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREAS. DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

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Canada and the Imperial Conference

EACH successive Imperial Conference has been a milestone in the evolution of the British Commonwealth; and the political gathering of British ministers designated by this title, which is now in progress in London, ought to be no exception to this rule. In the moulding of the structure of the Commonwealth, Canada by reason of her older standing as an organized society, her greater wealth and population, and her closer proximity to the mother country, has always been able to exercise a more puissant influence than any other dominion. Unfortunately because the precarious political position of Mr. Mackenzie King has impelled him to a foolish secretiveness about the attitude of his government to the various issues which have to be faced, and because he has sedulously refrained from any attempt to educate public opinion upon these issues, for the Canadian people this conference has opened in an atmosphere of deep mystification about its objects and possibilities. But there has reached the minds of careful observers a dim prevision that it may shape the lines of political cleavage in Canada for the next decade, and that from it there may emerge for this Dominion a great political issue which will bear a close parallel to the issue which since 1918 has invaded the politics of the United States. It is reasonably simple and clear: Is Canada to assume a fair share of the burdens of the great Commonwealth to which she has hitherto given steady adherence, or is she to take advantage of her geographical situation and relapse into a particularist isolation which its advocates commend as carefree and its critics deride as unworthily selfish?

There have always been in Canada perfervid supporters of a creed of nationalist isolation, but they have greatly increased in number since 1914, and today, although only a few bolder spirits dare openly to advocate a complete severance of the tie with Britain, they are pressing their views upon the Canadian public with greater vigor and frankness than ever before. They include, except for a slender minority, the whole French-Canadian race, in itself almost one-third of the total population, the great majority of the three-quarter million Americans who have settled in Canada and substantial blocs of non-British stocks like the Germans of Waterloo county in Ontario, and Ruthenian, Scandinavian and Bohemian colonies in the west. And in support of a doctrine of nationalist isolation which is scarcely distinguishable from the creed of Senator Hiram Johnson and his allies, the non-British groups in Canada find themselves backed by a number of important political figures and influential papers of irreproachable British antecedents. The motives which animate the proponents of this policy are varied and in some cases not praiseworthy. What modern psychologists term an "inferiority complex" afflicts a certain element in Canada; perhaps unfortunate in some of their contacts with British people, they become obsessed with the notion that they are despised as "mere colonials" and feel that an assertion of complete political autonomy is needed to terminate this obloquy.

But to reinforce this group there has developed since the war a body of opinion which has become fearful of the British connection on the perfectly honest and intelligible ground that it may become fatal to the great political experiment involved in the Act of Confederation in 1867. They argue that a war imposed upon Canada by the British connection has left her burdened with a legacy of debt and taxation which has halted material development and checked the flow of immigration necessary for the profitable and efficient use of the huge physical plant acquired in the pre-war years. They point to the disturbing phenomenon of a southward tide of immigration which is not balanced by the present rate of inflow, and they contend that immigrants fleeing from the broils and travail of Europe will see no safe sanctuary in a country whose political ties make it liable to periodical immersion in them. They discern the national debt climbing higher at each budget, and an impost like the sales tax which raises the cost of living, and hence increased wages and cost of production.

They see, as further confirmation of this tale of woe, that four of the fifteen chartered banks have this summer confessed to very serious embarrassments which have ended in the suspension of one and the merger of another in a stronger institution. The exponents of these views profess for the most part a passionate anxiety to preserve Canada's special identity and oppose absorption in the United States, but they recall the course of the relations between Scotland and England; nothing but national poverty and an envious craving for a share in the prosperity of a richer neighbor would ever have induced a proud and ancient race like the Scots to forswear their age-long feud with England and ruefully abandon the separate political existence for which they had shed so much blood.

Many of this school of nationalists hope and hold that there will always be a moral unity of the British communities which will insure common cooperative action at any serious crisis, but they believe that this moral unity is endangered by insistence upon the doctrine of the legal unity of the Commonwealth in relation to the outside world. They set aside as impracticable the idea of a common foreign policy for the Commonwealth as

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outlined by Mr. Lloyd George in the debate on the Irish settlement; in their eyes it is merely a snare to entrap the dominions in responsibilities for all the policies of Downing Street on the strength of a nominal right of consultation which can never be effectively exercised, and to load them with an increased outlay for armaments, which Canada's impoverished treasury cannot face and which, if met by fresh taxation, would soon accelerate the inclination to examine the merits of union either with the United States or some Pan-American political organization. They declare that even if it were possible to set up machinery for a truly co-operative management of foreign affairs, its operations would always involve a serious internal strain, and its fruits would always, in Canada at least, be exposed to challenge by a powerful minority which would reject them. They contend that the fate of President Wilson demonstrated the impossibility of inducing the non-European democracies to undertake definite and permanent obligations for the restoration and permanent maintenance of the battered fabric of European civilization; and some of them have been heard to acclaim the Republican senators of 1918-20 as the wisest body of men on earth. Their ultimate aim is the same freedom of action for their country in the international field as Sweden and Brazil enjoy today, and Sir Lomer Gouin, Mr. King's Minister of Justice, has been carrying the matter to greater extremities at Geneva by pressing for drastic amendments to Article X of the League which would, for all practical purposes, eliminate the mutual guarantee of territorial integrity.

Such ebullitions of particularist nationalism naturally infuriate the Tory Imperialists in Canada, who object vociferously even to such experiments as a separate Canadian ministry at Washington. They regard the British Crown and Parliament as the supreme repositories of sovereignty in the Commonwealth; they are prepared to render them unquestioning loyalty and they are quite content to leave to Downing Street the untrammelled control of all foreign policy. This school of thought, which finds most of its adherents in the ranks of the Conservative party, but includes so distinguished a Liberal as Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, is socially very powerful, but is numerically weak and a declining force. In fact it may be dismissed as a negligible factor and the real line of cleavage must be sought between the national isolationists and a well-defined body of liberal opinion which, while repudiating the term imperialism and all that it signifies in the mouths of the English Amerys and Page Crofts are sincerely anxious for the perpetuation of a liberal commonwealth of the British states on a genuinely cooperative basis.

This idea commands its chief support in the Liberal and Progressive parties, and thanks to the leadership of Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Meighen, can count upon the allegiance of the more enlightened Conservatives. Most of its champions are very severe critics of many British institutions, and particularly stern censors of many practices of Downing Street, and they want the dominions with their democratic backgrounds and habits of thought to play an energetic and decisive part in a process of administrative and political democratization which has always met with steady resistance at Whitehall. They recall that Canada served the cause of liberal internationalism well in 1921 by thwarting the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and would fain see her influence exerted steadily as a check upon the more illiberal ventures of Downing Street. They know that a country which has to find an export market for three out of every four bushels of wheat that it grows today cannot remain scornfully indifferent to the fate of the rest of the world, and they feel that Canada can exert her strongest and most beneficent influence in the world as a member of the British Commonwealth. They realize the serious flaws and weaknesses in the present machinery for consultation and cooperation, and they want the improvements in it which the special constitutional conference, planned in 1918 but timorously shelved in 1921, was expected to produce. In short, they do not want to contract their country out of the British Commonwealth but to acquire a larger and more effective share in the direction of its policy.

Mr. Mackenzie King need not concern himself with the ultra-Imperialists, but at the conference he will probably be called upon to make a choice of policy which will antagonize either the national isolationists or the party which might be styled the cooperative liberals. Heretofore he has bent all his energies to preserving the friendship of both groups; his insistence upon Canada's diplomatic independence in connection with the halibut treaty was a concession to the former, but out of deference to the latter he hesitated to carry it to its logical conclusion and to eliminate the British Colonial Office as the intermediary between King George and the Canadian plenipotentiary. Whenever he has indulged in orations about the need for greater autonomy, he has cautiously spiced them with grandiloquent tributes to the value of the Crown as a link of empire and effusive eulogies of individual royal personages. Unfortunately for him the Liberal party of Canada which he leads is, like the Democratic party in the United States, suffering from the domination in its counsels of a solid sectional bloc, which has burdened it with a mass of parochial conservatism. Among the French-Canadians to whose votes Mr. King owes his present office, the doctrine of nationalist isolation has widespread acceptance, and a fear of the consequences of displeasing Quebec will dispose him to conformity with its views. But he will find himself perpetually on the horns of a serious

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dilemma. Sooner or later, for example, the problem of reparations and the Ruhr imbroglio will come up in the conference and the Dominion delegates will be invited to expound their views.

Today western Canada has just reaped a crop which, although rust has slightly impaired its quality, is the most abundant in its history. Yet the movement of grain out of Montreal in September has this year declined to one-half of the volume shipped in September 1922, the buying demand from Europe is weak, the crop as it pours down from the prairies is piling up at the head of the Great Lakes, and prices, already too low, are, as a glut develops, falling on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange to the dismay of the whole farming and mercantile community. And why? Because France has for the last three years pursued a policy which has made impossible the economic recovery of Europe and has left its population unable to pay prices for grain which will give the Canadian farmer any margin of profit. Yet the press of Quebec, possibly under the impulse of judicious subsidies from Paris, has, with the notable and honorable exception of M. Henri Bourassa's Le Devoir, been a unit in support of French policy, just as practically the whole press of English-speaking Canada has been a unit in criticizing it. Furthermore Senator Dandurand, the government leader in the Senate, not long ago made an eloquent speech eulogizing M. Poincaré and French policy, and other important politicians on the Liberal side have been equally cordial to that statesman.

When, however, the Dominion delegates are invited to express their views upon these arresting problems, what is Mr. King to say? Is he to risk offending Quebec, which has been educated to believe that M. Poincaré deserves the support of every human being of French blood, by backing Mr. Baldwin in his plans to checkmate him, or is he to refuse countenance to these plans and thereby expose himself to the charge that he is damaging the material interests of Canada? The Ruhr question indeed provides an acid test of the different attitudes of Canadian groups to international problems. The national isolationists hold that it can be neglected with impunity and that France should not be interfered with, while the advocates of Canadian cooperation in the tasks of the British Commonwealth want Canadian influence to be vigorously exercised in favor of an equitable settlement which will permit the restoration of indispensable markets. The British government must be profoundly disturbed at the portent of the policy of "benevolent aloofness" which many of his supporters prescribe for Mr. King, but if it is developed at the conference they will of a certainty sit back and allow Mr. Bruce of Australia, or Mr. Massey of New Zealand to challenge it. Mr. King will then resort to a Fabian policy and plead that he must consult his Parliament. To it, and thence to the Canadian electorate the decision will be shifted, and the result may be a bitter election, a healthful realignment in Canada's political life, and a dangerous internal crisis for the British Commonwealth.

J. A. STEVENSON.

The Great Discovery:

Sanderson and the New Spirit in Education

WHEN Sanderson first came to Oundle his ideas seem to have differed from the normal scholastic opinion of his time mainly in his conviction of the interestingness and attractiveness of real scientific work for many types of boys whom the established classical and stylistic mathematical teaching failed to grip. He developed these new aspects of school work and his earliest success lay in the fact that he got a higher percentage of boys interested and active in school work than was usual elsewhere and that the report of this and the report of his wholesome and stimulating personality spread into the world of anxious parents. But it early became evident to him that the new subjects necessitated methods of handling in vivid contrast to the methods stereotyped for the classical and mathematical courses.

There have been three chief phases in the history of educational method in the last five centuries, the phase of compulsion, the phase of competition, and the phase of natural interest. They overlap and mingle. Mediaeval teaching being largely in the hands of celibates, who had acquired no natural understanding of children and young people and who found them extremely irritating, irksome or exciting, was stupid and brutal in the extreme. Young people were driven along a straight and narrow road to a sort of prison of dusty knowledge by teachers about as distressed as themselves. The mediaeval school went on to the chant of rote-learning with an accompaniment of blows, insults and degradations of the dunce-cap type. The Jesuit schools, to which the British public schools owe so much, sought a human motive in vanity and competition; they turned to rewards, distinctions and competitions. Sir Francis Bacon recommends them justly as the model schools of his time. The class-list with its pitiless relegation of two-thirds of the class to self-conscious mediocrity and dufferdom was the symbol of this

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second, slightly more enlightened phase. The school of the rod, gave place to the school of the class-list.

By the end of the eighteenth century schoolmasters were beginning to realize what most mothers know by instinct, that there is in all children a curiosity, a drive to know, an impulse to learn, that is available for educational ends and has still to be properly exploited for educational ends. It is not within our present scope to discuss Pestalozzi, Froebel and the other great pioneers in the third phase of education. Nearly all children can be keenly interested in some subject and there are some subjects that appeal to nearly all children. Directly you cease to insist upon a particular type of achievement in a particular line of attainment, directly your school gets out of the narrow lane and moves across open pasture, it goes forward of its own accord. The class-list and the rod, so necessary in the dusty fury of the lane, cease to be necessary. In the effective realization of this Sanderson was a pioneer.

For a time he let the classical and literary work of the school run on upon the old competition-compulsion, class-list lines. For some years he does not seem to have realized the possibility of changes in these fields. But from the first in his mechanical teaching and very soon in mathematics, the work ceased to have the form of a line of boys all racing to acquire an identical parcel of knowledge, and took on the form more and more of clusters of boys surrounding an attractive problem. There grew up out of the school science a periodic display, the Science Conversazione, in which groups of youngsters displayed experiments and collections they had cooperated to produce. Later on a Junior Conversazione developed. These Conversaziones show the Oundle spirit in its most typical expression. Sanderson derived much from the zeal and interest these groups of boys displayed. He realized how much finer and how much more fruitful was the mutual stimulation of a common end than the vulgar effort for a class place. The clever boy under a class-list system loves the shirker and the dullard who make the running easy, but a group of boys working for a common end display little patience with shirking. The stimulus is much more intimate and it grows. Jones minor is told to play up, exactly as he is told to play up in the playing field.

In the summer term the Conversazione in its fully developed form took up a large part of the energy of the school. Says the official life:

> All the senior boys in the school were eligible for this work, the only qualification necessary being a willingness to work and to sacrifice some, at least, of one's free time. There was never any dearth of willing workers, the total number often exceeding two hundred. The chief divisions of the Conversazione were: Physics and Mechanics; Chemistry; Biology; and Workshops. A boy who volunteered to help was left free to choose which branch he would adopt. Having chosen, he gave his name to the master in charge; if he had any particular experiment in view, he mentioned it, and if suitable, it was allotted to him. If he had no suggestion, an experiment was suggested, and he was told where information could be obtained. As a general rule two or three boys worked together at any one experiment.
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> Some of the experiments chosen required weeks of preparation; there was apparatus to be made and fitted up, information to be sought and absorbed, so that on the final day an intelligent account could be given to any visitor watching the experiment. This work was all done out of school hours. Four or five days before Speech Day, ordinary school lessons ceased for those taking part in the Conversazione; the laboratories, classrooms and workshops were portioned out so that each boy knew exactly where he was to work, and how much space he had. The setting up of the experiments began. To any one visiting the school on these particular days it must have seemed in a state of utter confusion, boys wandering about in all directions apparently under no supervision, and often to all appearances with no purpose. A party might be met with a jam-jar and fishing-net near the river; others might be found miles away on bicycles, going to a place where some particular flower might be found. Three or four boys would appear to be smashing up an engine and scattering its parts in all directions, while others could be seen wheeling a barrow-load of bricks or trying to mix a hod of mortar. Gradually a certain amount of order appeared, some experiments were tried and found to work satisfactorily, others failed, and investigation into the cause of failure had to be carried out. As the final day approached excitement increased, frantic telegrams were sent to know, for example, if the liquid air had been despatched, frequent visits to the railway-station were made in the hopes of finding some parcel had arrived, sometimes it was even necessary to motor to Peterborough to pick up material which otherwise would arrive too late. A program giving a short description of the experiment or exhibit had to pass through the printer's hands. At last everything would be ready; occasionally, but very seldom, an experiment had to be abandoned or another substituted at the last moment.

Presently Sanderson began to apply the lessons he had learned from grouping boys for scientific work to literature and history. Most of us can still recall the extraordinary dreariness of school literature teaching; the lesson that was a third-rate lecture, the note-taking, the rehearsal of trite opinions about books unread and authors unknown, the horrible annotated editions, the still more horrible textbooks of literature. Sanderson set himself to sweep all this away. A play, he held, was primarily to be played, and the way to know and understand it was to play it. The boys must be cast for parts and learn about the other characters in relation to the one they had taken. Questions of language and syntax, questions of interpretation, could be dealt with best in relation to the production. But most classes had far too many boys to be treated as a single theatrical company, so small groups of boys were cast for each part. There would be three or four Othellos, three or four Desdemonas or Iagos. They would act their parts simultaneously or successively. The thing

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might or might not ripen into a chosen cast giving a costume performance in public. The important thing is that the boys were brought into the most active contact possible with the reality of the work they studied. The groups discussed stage "business" and gestures and the precise stress to lay on this or that phrase. The master stood like a producer in the auditorium of the Great Hall. Let any one compare the vitality of that sort of thing with the ordinary lessons from an annotated textbook.

The group system was extended with increasing effectiveness into more and more of the literary and historical work. Here the school library took the place of the laboratory and was indeed as necessary to the effective development of the group method. The official life of Sanderson gives a typical scheme of operations pursued in the case of a form studying the period 1783-1905. The subject was first divided up into parts, such as the state of affairs preceding the French Revolution; the French Revolution in relation to England; the industrial system and economic problems generally; and so on. The form divided up into groups and each group selected a part or a section of a part for its study. The objective of each group was the preparation of a report, illustrated by maps, schedules and so forth, upon the section it had studied. After a preliminary survey of the whole field under the direction of a master, each boy followed up the particular matter assigned to him by individual reading for a term, supplemented when necessary by consultation with the master. Then came the preparation of maps and other material, the assembling of illuminating quotations from the books studied, the drafting of the group's report, the discussion of the report. In some cases where the group was in disagreement there would be a minority report.

It might be thought that the departmentalizing of the subject among groups would mean that the knowledge would accumulate in pockets, but this was not the case. A boy who has been preparing maps of the Napoleonic military campaigns may find the liveliest interest in another who has been following the history of the same period from the point of view of sea power. There was indeed a very considerable amount of interchange and when it came to facing external examiners and testing the general knowledge attained, the Oundle boys were found to compare favorably with boys who had been drummed in troops through complete histories of the chosen period.

This group system of work had arisen naturally out of the conditions of the new laboratory teaching and it had been developed for the sake of its educational effectiveness, but as it grew it become more and more evident to Sanderson that its effects went far beyond mere intellectual attainment. It marked a profound change in the spirit of the school. It was not only that the spirit of cooperation had come in. That had already been present on the cricket and football fields. But the boys were working to make something or to state something and not to gain something. It was the spirit of creation that now pervaded the school.

And he perceived too that the boys he would now be sending out into the world must needs carry that creative spirit with them and play a very different part from the ambitious star boys who went on from a training under the older methods. They would play an as yet incalculable part in redeeming the world from the wild orgy of competition that was now afflicting it. In one of his very characteristic sermons he gave his ripened conception of this side of his work. He had been speaking, perhaps with a certain idealization, of the old craftsmen's guilds. The school, he declared, was to be no longer an arena but a guild. For what was a guild?

> A community of co-workers and no competition, that was its idea. It is all based on the system of apprenticeships and co-workers. The apprentices helped the masters in every way they could; even the masters were grouped together for mutual assistance and were called assistants. The company was a mystery or guild of craftsmen and dealers, and their aim was to produce good craftsmen and good dealers.
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> Today in these days of renascence we return to the aim and methods of the guilds. Boys are to be apprentices and master-workers and co-workers. In a community this needs must be. We are called to a definite work, all who are privileged to attend here, staff and boys alike—the work of infusing life into the boys committed to our care. Nor can any one stand out of this and seek work elsewhere. Nemesis sets in for all who try to live for themselves alone. They may try to work —but their work is sterile. The community calls for the energies and activities of all. We are beginning to learn something of what this means. It does not mean an abandonment of the best methods of the past. But it does mean that we have to concern ourselves with the pressing needs and problems of today, and join in the work.
>
> The working of these ideas is well seen already in the outdoor life of the school. We see it in the new work in the library, and we see it as clearly as in anything in the preparation for a Conversazione. No more valuable training can be given than this last, well worth all the many kinds of sacrifice it entails. From it, at any rate, the spirit of competition is, I think, altogether removed. Boys, we believe, set forth to do their work as well as they possibly can—but not to beat one another. . . . I dwell upon these things because we hope that all boys will become workers at last, with interest and zeal, in some part of the field of creation and inquiry, which is the true life of the world. It is from such workers, investigators, searchers, the soul of the nation is drawn. We will first of all transform the life of the school, then the boys, grown into men—and girls from their schools grown into women—whom their schools have enlisted into this service, will transform the life of the nation and of the whole world.
>
> H. G. WELLS.

(To be continued)

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From the Oklahoma Front

THE great Ku Klux war in Oklahoma has come to at least a temporary lull. Both sides have abandoned the appeal to armed force which had made it seem likely that the election day last week would turn the state into a battlefield; and the scene of the fight has now been transferred to the courts. Governor Walton, smashingly defeated by the voters on the question whether the legislature should be empowered to meet on its own call, to impeach him, has secured a temporary order preventing the state election board from certifying the returns, and will follow this with an attempt to have the courts declare the vote illegal.

But even if he wins on this point, he is reprieved only until December 6. When he sought to prevent the election of October 2, he announced a vote on the same question for the later date. It seems certain that on that day or any other, last week's verdict will be repeated. The state assembly will then meet and impeach him; the Senate will try him; and if even one-fifth of the charges against him should be proved, he will be dismissed from office and his political career will sputter ingloriously out.

Meanwhile, the state remains as it has been for weeks past, an armed camp. That bloodshed has been averted thus far seems more and more a miracle, the longer one studies the situation. Both sides in this quarrel which has split the state from top to bottom, as the border states were split during our Civil War, have literally thousands of armed men at their command. The hotel lobbies swarm with members of the Governor's Praetorian Guard of gunmen, of whom he boasts (probably with some exaggeration) that he has 22,000. In the secret bars where corn-liquor flows as freely as ever it did when Volstead was just somebody from Minnesota, it is the delight of these gentlemen to stir their drinks with the barrels of the six-shooters which by their own confession they use so happily and well.

In the confused and complex situation in Oklahoma a few important facts need to be made clear. They are:

1. Governor Walton is fighting the Ku Klux Klan, and it needs to be fought. It has attained greater control in his state than in any other except perhaps Texas. It includes in its ranks scores of state, county and municipal officials, and unquestionably has a majority of the present lower house of the legislature. It is in politics for all it is worth—and there are no limits to its ambitions.

2. On the other hand, it is impossible to believe that Governor Walton is sincere in his fight, or that it is anything else than a political weapon with which to recuperate his shattered prestige at home and perhaps create for himself a national reputation. His hostility to the hooded gentry is both extremely sudden, and extremely recent; and was preceded by an attitude far from antagonistic. There is excellent evidence that he himself once took the first step toward membership in the Klan, his application being rejected. When an anti-Klan bill was introduced into the legislature, his adherents—then both numerous and powerful—gave it no support (it received, in fact, but three votes). Most of the brutal acts of Klan members which he has recently made public were committed from a year to two years ago, whereas the Governor's campaign is a tropical summer growth of the past few months.

3. The progressive farmer-labor group which put Walton in office has turned against him almost to a man, and is aiding the fight for his impeachment.

4. It must be admitted, however, that this is in its central impetus a Ku Klux fight. Without the strength of the Invisible Empire it probably could never have been won.

5. A majority of the plain people of the state are unquestionably against both Walton and the Klan. At the moment, they regard the Governor as the worse evil, and are aiding the Klan's effort to unseat him. But with Walton out of the way, I believe an anti-Klan movement will start among the common citizens. I believe such a movement has a good chance of electing a legislature which will pass an "unmasking" law and thereby destroy the Klan's greatest source of power.

To understand the complicated tangle of Oklahoma affairs, it is necessary to know something of the state itself. Socially, it is a curious mixture of the old South, the pioneer West, and hustling modern Rotary Club Babbittism. It has been a state only since 1907 and retains many of the crudities of territorial days. Its first settlers were tenant-farmers from the South, who rented land from the Indians. Their children, legally barred from the redmen's schools, found learning almost impossible, and this handicap is reflected in conditions even today. Only six states spend less per capita on their schools; none has a poorer average attendance.

While the farm population has lived from hand to mouth and for the past year or two has been virtually beggared, the discovery of oil in the state has brought enormous riches to another element in the community (including, by the way, many Indians who had been thrust aside upon the arid land which was erroneously thought to be worthless). The oil fields have duplicated many of the conditions of the gold rush days in the old West—particularly, open and flagrant gambling, drunkenness and prostitution. Highway robbery, which is affectionately known to Oklahomans as "hijacking," has also flourished.

It has been, in short, a society where the strong

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have done pretty much what they pleased, and the weak have had to grin and bear it. Many things have been accepted philosophically which in the East would create universal spasms of horror. Walton's own case, for instance, is put on a somewhat different footing when you know that of Oklahoma's five governors, four have been threatened with impeachment (the fifth served during the war period) and four out of five have either called out the militia or been on the point of doing so.

Into this semi-frontier state, two years ago, came the Ku Klux Klan. It preached its usual message of hatred—specializing on Catholics, Jews and Negroes, though it is interesting to note that in Oklahoma it has committed practically no hostile act against any of these three stock enemies. The deeds of violence which, despite the denials of its leaders, are generally attributed to the Klan, are usually directed against persons accused of bootlegging and similar crimes, or of sexual immorality. (There is a good deal of evidence, by the way, that some of the members of these whipping parties are themselves sadistic degenerates.) As is the case in the Klan in other states, a vicious and depraved minority in the community has become a vicious minority in the Klan, and has used the cowardly disguise, and the even more cowardly ratio of five or six Klansmen to one victim, in order to pay off personal grudges.

The situation which Governor Parker of Louisiana recently explained to the writer as existing in his state, undoubtedly holds true in Oklahoma. Many upright and well-meaning citizens have joined the Klan, usually under a misapprehension as to what it is really trying to do—or at least, as to what is being done in its name. Politicians have joined it as they do fraternal organizations, to help make votes. Business men have come in, hoping to secure the trade of their fellow knights. Many have enrolled because "everybody was doing it," because they feared ostracism if they stayed out. In some communities, citizens have joined because of a determination to put an end to bootleggers' activities; in others, the credulous have been frightened with stories of Bolshevist plots, of Catholic or Jewish conspiracies to overturn the government. Many a citizen has come to believe, in this post-war period, that the world is bound for destruction, and that no one is seeking to prevent it. At just the right moment, along comes the Klan and says "We are!"

Probably most of the men who have joined from the motives suggested do not mask, nor ride at night (except in the old South, against Negroes). Probably it is true, too, that some of the better element have resigned from the order on learning of the horrible and bestial deeds their fellow-members were committing. Unhappily, it is impossible in the poisonous atmosphere of distrust and lies which the Klan creates, to say how far this is the fact. In Oklahoma one man after another tells you that he has never belonged, or that he has resigned. Your lips smile acquiescence, but in your heart is doubt. The man who abuses the Klan most loudly may be an agent provocateur trying to draw you out, and into trouble; the innocent third party in the Pullman smoker who overhears your casual statement to a friend, may be noting you down for "discipline." The Klan, according to excellent sources of information, specifically advises its members to lie if they are asked the pointblank question as to membership. The Klansman's oath is certainly incompatible with honest service as a state official, yet hundreds of men have sworn these conflicting fealties and soothed their consciences, when they have any, by Heaven knows what elaborate casuistry. Among these rank growths of dishonesty and dishonor, it is inevitable that American democratic principles should sicken and die.

To master such a situation and restore sanity and liberty is a work which both needs great qualities in the man who would undertake it and, successfully done, would make him a national figure almost in a day. To understand why Walton has failed so tragically in this, you must understand the man himself.

This Governor is, I should say, an excellent representative of the wrong sort of leader, with whom the progressive movement in America is so often cursed. He is forty-two years old, and so far as an interviewer can discover, not in any way a particularly distinguished figure. He is thick set, of medium height, with college-cut brown hair, the rounded, fleshy face of the politician, large, protuberant eyes, and a weak mouth which by a nervous habit he draws into a straight line of great firmness for a moment until he forgets and lets it go slack again.

Walton came to Oklahoma a few years ago; and was presently made commissioner of public works, and then mayor of Oklahoma City, the state capital. He appears to have filled both these offices fairly well. As mayor, he was markedly friendly to labor, particularly during the course of a serious strike among packing house employees.

Eighteen months ago, the Progressive movement was strong in Oklahoma, as it was in every other agricultural state of the Middle West. Under the title of the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League, an amalgamation was effected among the State Federation of Labor, the Farmers' Union, the Farm-Labor Union, the United Mine Workers, and the four Railroad Brotherhoods. It adopted a platform not markedly different from that of the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota, and looked around for a candidate to head its state ticket. Walton had a good record and a fairly good presence, other applicants were scarce, and so, in hasty, hurrah fashion, he was given the nomination.

He ran in the primary as a Farmer-Labor

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Democrat (the Oklahoma constitution forbids new political parties, and the state is of course normally Democratic). The Klan had a candidate, and Walton defeated him, but displayed at that time no great animosity toward the hooded organization. Indeed, Klan speakers addressed Klan meetings in Walton's behalf.

The Farmer-Labor candidate made a "whirlwind" campaign, addressed strictly to the under dog, promising him various forms of economic and political relief for his manifold troubles. Walton earned the sobriquet of "Jazz Band Jack" by touring the state in an automobile train, accompanied by a group of musicians who uttered such dulcet and harmonious breath as the enraptured ranchers had never heard.

Before Walton had been governor very long his working class friends began to be alarmed. Apparently His Excellency had decided to kick his ladder out from under him and proceed to new heights alone. He sold his modest frame house on a side street and bought a $48,000 mansion in a fashionable section where collarless farmer-laborites got a chilly reception from the butler when they called to see their comrade, Governor Jack. His supporters were also rendered uneasy by a series of stories which began to be circulated regarding the Governor. It was learned that Walton toward the close of the campaign made large cash deposits in a building and loan association, in his own name. Where this money came from was unexplained then and is unexplained today. It was further learned that the big oil interests had contributed heavily to his campaign fund, one such gift having been stated to exceed $70,000. (The gubernatorial office pays $4,500 a year.) In the past, permitting prisoners to buy their way out of the penitentiary has been more or less a recognized industry in Oklahoma; so the Governor's friends were perturbed when he began pardoning men right and left. In at least one case, $5,000 was paid to an underling in the state administration by the father of a convict on the understanding that his son would be pardoned—which he was. Ugly stories were also heard about the administration of the state "revolving fund" which guarantees security to bank depositors and which affords an almost limitless opportunity for graft.

Equally serious was Walton's tendency toward open repudiation of the party which had put him into power, and its principles. He began to reassure his hearers in speeches that he was "no radical" and would have no truck with "radicalism." Bitterest blow of all was his removal of George Wilson, a wheelhorse of the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League, from the presidency of the State Agriculture and Mining College at Stillwater, the farmers' darling school. He had appointed Wilson to this post only a short time before, under the strongest sort of pressure from the leaders of the progressive organization. He removed him, the whole state believes, at the instance of the American Legion, which in this instance practically identified itself with the Ku Klux Klan. The technical charges were flimsy, the most serious being that Wilson had appointed a socialist on the faculty, and another in the college's executive personnel.

Despite this incident, Walton had not made himself popular with the Klan. Their hostility was in part based on the sort of charges I have enumerated, and in part on the belief, which now seems erroneous, that Walton is a radical, that he represents the under dog. The Klan is against the under dog on principle. The next regular session of the legislature does not take place until January 1925, and therefore the Klan, working through its majority in the lower house (and undoubtedly aided by some non-Klan citizens), began the fight for a new law permitting the Assembly to convene itself for impeachment purposes without the consent of the Governor. How strong was the Klan's interest in the effort is indicated by the remarks attributed to several legislators on the eve of the famous rump session on the Capitol steps that it was a choice between going up to be shot at by Walton's troops or staying home to be beaten up by the K. K. K.

Almost synchronous with the impeachment proceeding was the Governor's own great campaign against the Invisible Empire, which finally resulted in a declaration of martial law throughout the state, which was made absolute in three counties. Aldrich Blake, who is one of the Governor's most loyal henchmen and money raisers, explains that his great impulsive heart was touched by the pitiful tales of suffering at the hands of the Klan and that he determined on martial law as the only way to put an end to the brutality of the hooded "knights." Mr. Blake may be right; every man's motives are always mixed, and it is as impossible to untangle the strands of purpose in Walton's mind as it would be to resolve a goulash into its components. I have already said, however, that nearly every one in Oklahoma believes Mr. Blake is wrong and that the Governor decided, or his excellent advisers, Blake and "Pat" Nagle did for him, that a fight against the Klan was good politics. It would give Walton a new group of adherents to take the place of the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League; it would make him a leading figure in the big national fight against the Klan which is certain to come in 1924; it would enable him to tar all critics with the common brush of Klanishness.

There is no need to recite again the progress of the battle. Whatever may be the outcome of Walton's attempt to nullify the election of October 2, it is virtually sure that he will be defeated in any other vote held at an early date. While political prophecy is as futile as it is dangerous,

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I believe that should he seek to succeed himself at the end of his present term, he will be repudiated. The plain people of Oklahoma, in the words of a local newspaper, want "neither Klan nor King." Circumstances have compelled them to register a choice between the two, and they have temporarily preferred the Klan. But I am convinced that once the King question is out of the way, they will take steps to break the power of the Klan as well—if it has not already fallen of its own weight.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Oklahoma City.

Enter Lloyd George

WHILE tugs, mail boats, revenue cutters are hugging the flanks of the Mauretania, an unmistakable pink face, hatless, from which flows an avalanche of white hair, peers for a moment over the rail, and vanishes.

The lounge room is filled with the reclining figures of ocean-greyhound-fanciers, buyers for Macy's, and the second cousins of dukes. The newspapermen are in a corner, surrounding an empty chair, around which they push and crowd as if it already held an ex-prime minister. "What, Mr. Chair, is your view of the European situation?" A stir in the lobby, and upon a thin stream of gentlemen in black coats arrives an uncommonly chunky figure. Pencils are poised. What's to be the first word? Let's hope it's a good one. Lloyd George advances toward the empty seat, and flings the first morsel into the mouths of the hungry press: "So this is the electrocuting chair!" General laughter. A good line. Within four hours it's on every newstand in New York.

There he is now, at our mercy. The double-breasted broadcloth overcoat is durable and ancient like a cabman's. The Niagara of hair falls to its collar. The eyes are narrowed, puckered to points of humorous light, inscrutable jewels in a setting of almost boyish pink. He is neither moved, nor nervous, nor self-conscious. He is thoroughly alive; he has always eaten life in huge chunks, and is still hungry. Questions from reporters are only little chunks, but worth chewing.

Such easy questions. Slow rollers. He fields them all without an error. The League, Europe, unemployment, Labor, golf, Wilson. Has he a message to give to America? No, only here to see things; yes, the situation is bad; anti-semitism—"very stupid, isn't it?" "I shall certainly call upon President Wilson; we worked for five months together in perfect cordiality and amity;" "when I play golf I shan't have any of the press around to watch me." Instantaneous and perfect change of mood from question to question: now casual, now thoughtful, now a touch of reverence, suddenly a burst of hearty laughter which shakes him, which opens wide his mouth, closes his eyes, and deepens all the little lines which are not just wrinkles, but decorations without which he could not call his face his own. At last he breaks from us, under a shower of unanswered questions.

We squeeze behind him onto the upper deck. Off the port bow heaves a craft of uncertain type, Nassau by name, filled with waving, shouting figures, and bearing the placard: "Welcome Lloyd George—great friend of the Greeks." On board it a band is playing, "Yes—we have no—bananas." Which no good newspaperman will fail to record.

On the top deck Mr. Lloyd George and Dame Margaret Lloyd George and Miss Megan Lloyd George are facing a semi-circle of cameras and a frantic chorus of "This way please—Look this way!" The head turns, turns, obediently, accurately, by fractions of an inch, with growing amusement but unchanging calm. The ladies have the expression of polite people being prevented from catching a train.

On board the little tug which is to take Mr. Lloyd George up the bay the ceremony is renewed, even more frantically. Cries of "Get the Missus into this!" "Mr. George! Mr. George!" "Ask the lady to smile!" A man who is not wearing the silk hat of official welcome gets in front of a photographer. "Hey, get out of the way!" Somebody nudges the photographer: "Don't you know who that is? James J. Davis, the Secretary of Labor." "Hey, Secretary, out of the way!"

Mr. Lloyd George is sitting in the tug's cabin, with a very large silk hat on his head and a very long cigar in his mouth, while his narrowed eyes range over the bay. By his side is Commissioner-of-Plant-and-Structures Grover Whalen. In the background are numerous prominent silk hats, of which the most prominent belongs to Charles M. Schwab. Mr. Schwab and Mr. Davis are telling Mr. Lloyd George some funny stories. The wide little shoulders and deep little chest swing back and forth as if on hinges, and with them the cigar and the white hair, in uncontrollable laughter. "That's good! I say, that's good!"

There is lots of time before the reception at the City Hall at noon, so the tug passes out through the Narrows, and adventures briefly into the Atlantic. "We are now entering the Hudson River," says Mr. Schwab. Soon the tug turns around, and heads up the bay. Mr. Schwab closes the window in front of him, but Mr. Lloyd George is hardy, and lets the stiff breeze play through his back hair, which if it were a bit longer would flap like a silver flag. Just below, on deck, the faces of the newspapermen stare up at him, straining to overhear, straining to catch what words of wis-

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dom may drop down to them from the great man along with the ashes of his cigar.

But his eyes never are allowed to catch theirs. He leans back to chat, he leans forward to admire, unconscious of the unofficial audience below the salt. He is talking naturally, meditatively, of a poem by Southey. Nobody else ever having heard of him, the subject is not continued. Somebody mentions Ellis Island. Mr. Lloyd George does what is known as twinkle. "Geddes—I say, that was a nasty crack."

Gulls veer about the tug. "There are seagulls all the world over." New geographical items come into sight. "Very impressive." Mr. Whalen is acting as barker. Mr. Whalen, very tall, with a black mustache and of course a silk hat, looks like a stage villain gone good, very good, good enough to go to everybody's wedding, and always dressed for it. "That is Brooklyn," says Mr. Whalen. "I see," says Mr. Lloyd George. "This is Staten Island, which is completely surrounded by water," says Mr. Whalen. "I see," says Mr. Lloyd George. The skyscrapers of lower New York remind him of "a mediaeval fortress." As the Statue of Liberty comes nearer, the cameras begin to get ready. Quietly, without anyone's noticing it, Mr. Lloyd George removes his hat, so that by the time the oversized Goddess of Liberty is within the range of reverence, and the faded green patches on her drapery are visible, he is found to be appropriately bareheaded. Alongside comes a boatload of patriotic Welsh-Americans, waving their hats. Among them is an old lady dressed Welsh fashion, with a curious steeple hat, which she does not wave. Mr. Lloyd George waves his, for the 986,000th time.

We are approaching the Battery. We all watch the crowds standing four and five deep. Mr. Lloyd George leans from the cabin to exchange remarks in a musical, exact voice with a young Welshman. The original Gaelic. It sounds like a kind of Oxford Yiddish, only more foreign. A young lady reporter, who has been watching her chance, dashes up to the cabin, stands on tiptoe, and asks Miss Megan: "Do you like to dance?"

Thousands surround the pier, line Broadway. From the nineteenth floor comes fluttering down a confetti of torn vouchers and shredded ticker tape. Cheers and cheers as Mr. Lloyd George passes by in an open car, on his feet, waving, bowing, smiling. A quarter of a mile away one can see the pin point of white which is his uncovered head disappear under the gloom of the elevated.

Once more, in the sombre corridors of the Waldorf, the newspapermen gather to wait for the great man to talk to them. Handsome waiters slip past them through a forbidden door with trays of tea. Mr. Lloyd George comes out, we hurry after him. Four of us suddenly find ourselves alone with him in an elevator. As it takes us down only one flight, there is time to do just one thing. We shake hands with him by turn, not too ceremoniously. It would not have been surprising to hear him say: "My name is Lloyd George."

In the big gilt room he is hemmed in again. Every one leans forward with his own favorite questions, and the questions trip over each other and fall headlong and some of them never get to their feet at all. The serious ones about the Baldwin Cabinet and the Ruhr and the Versailles Treaty are poor seconds to jokes about how the band played for him, "How dry I am" and the Bananational Anthem. Mr. Lloyd George prepared himself for coming here by reading Babbitt and Main Street. "Brilliantly written—brilliantly." "Liberal reunion? Yes I think it is coming. Yes, like all good things, it is coming"—with a sly twinkle as legible as large print. The head which will inevitably be described as "leonine" turns from questioner to questioner; the eyes which so many will refer to as "magnetic" open suddenly wide and a new battery of furrows stands out on his forehead. Here again is the morning's lightning change from convulsive laughter to a meditative restraint, from confidential frankness to the easy smile of one who likes to prove that no question can be embarrassing. Here is abnormal sensitiveness combined with very little of the softer thing we know as feeling; here, with a heart at bottom not easily touched, are the subtlest antennae to intercept the wireless messages that travel from mind to mind. Here are infinite self-possession and zest, charm and cunning, readiness, courage, quickness, and other qualities answerable to a sort of animal sixth sense, all of them pointed in no particular direction, but responding marvelously to the winds of circumstance.

Some hours later a dense crowd is watching outside the Music Box Revue. Motorcycle cops suddenly dash madly ahead. A big limousine roars by, and there is a flash of white on the back seat. Cheers. A detective is standing on the running board. Something strikes his hat and splashes into fragments. In a second the car is gone. On the pavement are some little things which weren't there before.

Eggshells. ROBERT LITTELL.

From the Foreign Policy Association

SIR: Some of your readers, I am sure, will be interested in a symposium under the auspices of the Foreign Policy Association, at which important elements necessary to any fundamental plan submitted for the Bok Peace Award will be discussed.

Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, formerly Under-Secretary General of the League of Nations, will speak on International Organization; and Mr. Charles Hodges, Assistant Professor, Foreign Trade, New York University, on the International Control of Raw Materials. Mr. Hodges has a very interesting set of charts which he will use to illustrate his talk, and there will be every opportunity for questions and discussion.

The meeting will be held Thursday, October 18th, at the Engineering Societies Building, 29 West 39th Street, New York, at 8:15 p. m. Tickets (50 cents) may be had at F. P. A. headquarters, 9 East 45th Street.

New York City. CHRISTINA MERRIMAN, Secretary.

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Miss Wycherly's Pirandello

Floriani's Wife, by Luigi Pirandello, translated by Ann Sprague MacDonald. Greenwich Village Theatre. October 1, 1923.

COME Prima Meglio di Prima, the play of Pirandello's that Miss Margaret Wycherly has produced as Floriani's Wife, continues the theme of reality and unreality that underlay Six Characters in Search of an Author. Don Camillo Zonchi and his sister, as the season approaches, want to hurry out of their house the convalescent whose presence might annoy new lodgers. This woman, Vanna Floriani, has tried to kill herself but has been saved by her husband, Dr. Floriani, who, after thirteen years' separation, came to her when he heard that she was at death's door. One of Vanna's lovers, the judge, comes seeking her again; he has thrown up his career and his family to follow her; he asks her to come with him. Her husband enters. As they talk the story appears, her flight from her husband because of his unbearable excesses, her passing from man to man, her desperation at last. The judge begs her to come away. One name, she says to Floriani, she has longed in vain to hear him speak, Livia, their daughter. For their daughter's sake, Floriani at length decides, she must return with him. For her daughter's sake, though never to be known by her, she returns. In the second act the anniversary of the first wife's death has arrived, the date the father has invented for the girl. Three masses will be said for the dead woman's soul; the young girl lives on her mother's holy memory. And the lie of all this, together with the gap between their experience, stands between Vanna and her daughter. The old aunt returns after six years' absence and is forced to become a party to the lie. The living woman, the dead woman, even Vanna is lost between her former and her present self; which of the truth is she? what is reality and what is fiction? Pirandello is asking, as he did in Henry the Fourth, in the Six Characters in Search of an Author, and almost everywhere else. Vanna expects to be the mother of another child. The third act opens with the return of Vanna and Floriani from the far-off place where they have gone for the birth. They bring a daughter with them. Vanna, stung by Livia's taunts, tells her the truth. The girl faints with horror and shock. Floriani crying that Vanna has ruined everything orders her away again. She goes, but not as before, for she takes this time her daughter with her; and the meaning of the title reappears, as it has done off and on through the play, "as at first and better than at first," as it once was and better.

Miss Wycherly played this elaborate and varied role with great security and thought. Her first act and especially her second she held to the depths of her own fine insight, with a better voice, even, and better vowels, than of old, and with an encouraging lack of the excessive mannerisms, that shaking her knees, rapping her feet about, wobbling her head, and other noticeable but undistinguished and confusing small business that marred her performance in The Verge and often in Back to Methuselah. In the last act Miss Wycherly was good enough, but not so good as before, due considerably no doubt to the play. The sharp final turn and the end of Come Prima Meglio di Prima—changed slightly in the English version but not at all essentially—involves a great slump in its effect. The play ends flatly, almost casually, though the idea behind the conclusion is good enough; the final impression is one of formlessness. Miss Mary Hone has not, as a young actress, very much fluidity as yet; her transitions are abrupt, even physically so, and not flexible enough; but she understands her part of the daughter; she knows the young idealism and hardness of the girl, the distorted relation to her mother, the pride and the tragic waves of feeling, the ironic purity and passionate narrowness of youth. Not many beginners on our stage could do what the play would go flat without, hold up an end so well as Miss Hone does against Miss Wycherly's intense pressure and intelligence. Miss Eustace, partly because of, rather than in spite of, a courageous natural comicality, made nearly all the aunt convincing and searching. The men were all bad.

But the main interest of this venture at the Greenwich Village Theatre is of course the play, another Pirandello to observe. Come Prima Meglio di Prima is at bottom as abstract in theme as last year's Six Characters in Search of an Author, but the plan of it, the characters and situation, are not so fantastic or striking. It has less theatrical invention, much less of a world and picture of its own, less visual magnetism. But it has the same dazzling sequence of natural reactions, one following on another and pattered out by the characters with what seems to be an inexhaustible ease and fecundity. Pirandello's plays, like many modern dramas, appear to be realistic science; but they escape sterility by keeping over everything, however exact its psychology and realism may be, the light of inexplicability and slight surprise, the poetic mystery, that arises from the abysms of human personality. And with what facile profundity he makes us feel that a situation follows from the thoughts and emotions he presents, instead of being got up to express them! And in the midst of these scenes, with what dramatic progression—well labelled too, as they pass—the milestones in his scheme are achieved! Pirandello on the whole lacks pathos, except for that pathos that darkens the larger and universal nature of human things; his people are able to reveal themselves so well and with such fluent stress that we are moved more by the things that happen in them than by what happens to them. Except in great poetic drama I know of no people who are so exact and inevitable about themselves as his people are; but the excitement that they stir in us—and in groups they are deeply moving—has not so much an individual warmth and tinge as it has a light shining on it that is cerebral, precise, macabre, tragic, and ironical all together.

Form Pirandello comes often very near to lacking, form in the highest sense, that is, something that belongs to the artist's idea and completes and carries it as his body carries him. It is as if Pirandello wrote easily and fast, seeing numberless profound and keen details as they pour through his brain, but not always in any final outline against his main idea. He suffers often, too, from a certain monotony of recognition, seeing the same kind of element in men and occasions. But he constantly dilates the region of dramatic expression. He engages and absorbs us by details of experience always slightly varied from what we know in the theatre. And meanwhile his genius shows in the fact that, though he may indeed be monotonous sometimes or too special in his interest, Pirandello is never dull. You may be successful in the theatre by scenes like Pirandello's, or by such rightly dull scenes as that last act in Seventh Heaven or the girl's applauded proposal scene in Mary, Mary Quite Contrary, by virtue of genius or of talent; one must have talent to know how to be dull, genius to know how not to be.

STARK YOUNG.

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Midwestern Literature

Midwest Portraits, by Harry Hansen. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. HANSEN'S book reminds one of the distinction which must be drawn between the old fashioned literary journalist and a much more dashing figure, the journalist of literature. Boswell was the father of the craft. He followed the leading men of letters in London from day to day with a persistence which has become a by-word. Mr. Hansen, as literary editor of the Chicago Daily News, has occupied a similar position with regard to a group of writers and artists in Chicago, and has set down with much vividness and spirit what he has seen and, more important, what he has heard and felt.

In his closeness to local conditions Mr. Hansen has had the opportunity to study literature in certain of its elementary aspects. Among them one of the most important is its habitat, the Chicago equivalent of the Mermaid Tavern, or the Cheshire Cheese. Schlogl's, the little restaurant on Wells Street, will henceforth receive due notice in the guide books, and the Seeing Chicago buses will make it a port of call, while visitors identify the chairs in which Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Floyd Dell and Ben Hecht once tipped back about the table. Mr. Hansen's use of Schlogl's as his mise-en-scene is a striking evidence of the unity of the group which he celebrates, of their common participation in a certain experimental daring and robust independence in which companionship is an important factor. Literature is a social function. The tavern, the coffee house, the café are its nurseries. No one can tell whether Midwestern Portraits could have taken form without Schlogl's.

Other centres of influence in Chicago Mr. Hansen pictures, and one of them he celebrates as deservedly as Schlogl's itself—the old Daily News building, dating from the fire, haunted by memories which make it one of the capitals in American literary geography. The Chicago Daily News has been a journalistic nurse of literature. As Mr. Hansen checks off the names of men and women who have sat or still sit at its desks, one realizes how much credit is due to the generous interpretation of journalistic enterprise which makes that association a fruitful one. The news editor, Henry Justin Smith, whose Deadlines is reviewed in this issue, has been a William Reedy in his flair for literary promise, and the names of his protegées strew Mr. Hansen's pages.

One aspect of literature in Chicago of which Mr. Hansen is perforce obliged to take account is its transitory nature. Chicago owes its existence to its facilities for transshipment of goods and men between West and East. It is not only in commodities but in the arts as well that "Chicago too often has been but a way station, a place where trains stopped of necessity, where passengers alighted, spent a few hours unwillingly, and went on." The list of those who went on is a formidable one, Theodore Dreiser, Frank Norris, Hamlin Garland, Rex Beach, Ernest Poole, Will Payne, Brand Whitlock, George Ade, Finley P. Dunne, Ray Stannard Baker, Francis Hackett, John Weaver, Burton Rascoe, Floyd Dell.

Apart from personalities, however, the aspect of Chicago as a transshipping point where literary cargoes are received in bulk, sorted, packed, aerated, refrigerated (if perishable) and sent on in neat and elegant packages for the trade is one which challenges criticism. What does this mean to literature, and to Chicago? Mr. Hansen does not answer these questions in detail, but he arrives implicitly at certain generalizations. The effect of Chicago is to emphasize the journalistic character of literature —its sufficiency to the day instead of its appeal to the centuries.

Another effect of sojourn in Chicago upon writers is clearly to strengthen their interest in reality. It may be remarked unkindly that there is nothing else in Chicago to be interested in. There is some truth in that. At all events just as Chicago emigrants have shown a characteristic and facile success in journalism, so those who have remained, Robert Herrick, Carl Sandburg, Ben Hecht, Sherwood Anderson, have shown a constantly deepening sense of reality, and power in depicting it. The Chicago School is preeminent in the quality which has distinguished American literature for the last twenty years —which may be called journalistic realism. And a further attribute of this group is noted by Mr. Hansen—a human quality which relieves the journalism and the realism of Chicago from the pitiless cynicism which the terms often connote. Mr. Hansen recalls in Carl Sandburg's poetry "the note of protest, of indignation, of grief at the oppressive conditions under which the humbler brethren of this earth live." He notes in Sherwood Anderson "his contemplation of the lives of tired, helpless individuals hopelessly caught in the social fabric." And out of Mr. Herrick's work he selects for quotation the passage in The Memoirs of an American Citizen in which the author reviews the trial of the anarchists, the great civic crime of Chicago by which four men were sent to the scaffold on the ipse dixit of a judge drunk with the power of public opinion.

Humanity is, indeed, the chief quality of Mr. Hansen's book. His method of criticism is frankly personal. He writes of men as he has known them, whose work he has watched in the making, and whose quality he has inevitably associated with their experience of life.

> It is not (he says) solely because these writers of whom I speak have put so much of themselves into their writings that I dwell so much on the personal side, but more because the outcroppings of their own individuality is to me the most fascinating part of the examination. Whether or not this is a form of emotional criticism that is abhorrent to the student of esthetics is to me a matter of indifference; a book built primarily upon friendships and memories can afford to leave to the more scholarly inquirer problems of technical skill, the more subtle balancing of literary values and the relation of these men to the literature of all time. And so when "Windy McPherson's Son" comes to me, and I find in the story a certain immature craftsmanship, a hodge-podge of unrelated incidents strung on the thread of one man's life, I overlook those blemishes and turn to the more absorbing subjects of "What has Sherwood Anderson tried to express?" and "How much of this book represents the result of his thinking and his experience?"

With this approach to his subject, Mr. Hansen has written a book full of the quality of Midwestern letters and full of the spirit of the Middle West. His informal, unpretending method is the one to which these authors, in so many of whom lingers something of the pioneer, yield themselves most readily. In a deeper sense than that of accuracy to fact he has been true to the land and to the men of whom he writes.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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A Critique of Economics

A Critique of Economics, by O. Fred Boucke. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

PROFESSOR BOUCKE will not resent the intimation that his has been no easy, no quickly consummated task. The questions to which he has sought answer are basal, and the trail which he set himself to follow led far afield. At different times in his search further progress has demanded an understanding of associational as well as modern psychology, of epistemology and metaphysics, of logic and scientific method, of statistics and ethics. The excellent bibliography and, what is more important, the text itself testify to the author's careful investigation of these fields and the quite remarkable extent to which he has been able to extract therefrom and to synthesize the facts needful for his purpose. That purpose has been nothing less than an exhaustive examination of the present position of economics as a science, with an eye to determining what its value now is and how that value may be increased. That all this has been attempted before goes without saying, but seldom have the processes of thought involved been so widely assisted by acquaintance with so many outside fields, and seldom have these processes been set down with such clarity.

For an understanding of the present position of economics, Professor Boucke goes back to its founders and finds the key to the problem in their notions of science and particularly of psychology. It was their ambition, he contends, "to show that laws prevailed in the realm of psychics no less than in that of physics." The belief of the philosopher, Adam Smith, that human nature was the basis of such laws and that therefore "what individuals thought and endeavored was the key to principles manifested in price, income, and productivity," was shared by all the Naturalistic economists. The Utilitarians, following on, found their clew in hedonism (of which they were frequently the leading expounders), the Marginists followed suit, and "sensationalistic psychology colored economics from the turn of the century on, and has done so up to the present moment." Since about 1900, however, criticism and rejection of sensationalism have been common, and this has resulted in or been accompanied by a noteworthy amount of "searching of heart among economists as such." The result has been widespread and quite unprecedented confusion and disagreement.

In the first part of his book Professor Boucke reexamines this situation at length. Drawing heavily upon psychological literature, he is able to demonstrate the complete abandonment of sensationalism as a system adequate to the totality of mind. That the resulting untenability of "so basic a premise as the pain-pleasure calculus, as the intellectualistic view of the affections," should greatly affect the valuation problem could only be expected, and the author is driven to conclude that "valuations and wants are too elusive, too complex, and too individual, in spite of outer limits set by prevailing social norms, to be useful for a science of catallactics" such as economics long since became. A critical estimate of the Utilitarian-Marginist analysis of price, distribution, and production follows, and the failure of sensationalism is shown to be extremely damaging to the traditional positions here. The fact, now established, that such physic phenomena as are of importance to the economist cannot be measured, is necessarily fatal to many of the fundamental arguments of orthodoxy, and must result in a new attitude even towards supply and demand. All this is, of course, negative in effect and by no means new, as the author recognizes. His chief contribution comes when he realizes that "with the abandonment of [these] fundamental premises of orthodox economics we are forced also to face anew the query whether economics is a science as pictured," and when he attempts to solve the methodological problem involved in the light of "our present-day information on human nature, on the limits of inference, on the essence of knowledge and truth-finding." This constitutes the second part of Professor Boucke's book.

As a first step to the establishment of a satisfactorily scientific methodology for economics, Professor Boucke carefully reconsiders the nature of inference. The fact that deduction merely requires agreed-upon but not necessarily factually established premises in order to be valid, forces it to yield to some sort of induction as fundamental method although it is recognized that a deductive form of reasoning may and will be frequently employed as an auxiliary. It is understood, however, that "the fruit of induction is a generalization known as a law of nature," and to such laws the author next turns his attention. A careful comparison of law and correlation leads to the conclusion that they have much in common and cannot be completely separated, even though the differences in degree may call for differences in treatment. The basal fact here is that while the study of ultimate units of matter or force may yield exact laws, combinations of such units in more or less elaborate event-complexes frequently refuse to be resolved into their elements and so can only be treated correlatively.

If such treatment fails to give results of the exactness of physical laws, the explanation is to be found not in any disability of method but in the greater complexity of the material. From this it follows that causation is as much for correlation as it is for law, however it may be "obscured by the indefiniteness of the temporal and spatial units usually involved" and by the "complexity of the units correlated." As a matter of fact, as the author shows, science is ceasing to recognize any "distinction between causation and law (correlation), except as aspects of one and the same situation."

For the purpose of establishing its laws and correlations science has developed "a more or less clearly marked procedure for discovering fixed relations between things, this procedure necessitating often the use of instruments for measuring facts and their changes." This is something more than simple inference and, barring the classificatory disciplines, involves either experiment, statistics, or reflection.

That of these methods experiment is, when available, far and away the most useful is, of course, a platitude. "Science cannot attain to certainty unless it succeed in finding irreducible units, that is, things or magnitudes which invariably go together and so provide for the formulation of a law," and for this purpose experiment has proved itself invaluable. When, however, experiment is impossible, when "inquiries do not reveal such absolute regularities of recurrence," when "our events are not as homogeneous as those of physics and chemistry," then recourse must be had to statistics. Here inference from statistical data is the troublesome point although "since causation is merely another word for regularities of recurrence, statistical regularity of frequency or correlation must be just

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as causal as a law of nature." "The complexity of our statistical units explains why we are satisfied with less than perfect regularity," but this very complexity makes inference risky. "Connections must show a minimum of regularity before we shall attach any 'causal' significance to it," and the intimacy of statistics and problems of probability must be recognized. The reliance of statistical induction upon averages which "may beg the question whenever they are functional rather than numerical," and the inability to indulge in "any analysis of the circumstances accompanying the individual instances" evidence its inferiority to experimental generalizations, although it is true "its full value for social sciences has not yet been ascertained."

This leaves reflection where "counting is subordinated to a correlation of values, and quantitative to qualitative analysis." More than formal reasoning, since it is interested in facts, and its premises cannot be altogether arbitrary or its conclusions unconcerned with contrary testimony, reflection must share the routine of experimentation and statistics. When actuated by the scientific spirit and "used by a master mind" this method will, the author believes, "produce results that have no superior even in the most fruitful of natural sciences."

Professor Boucke concludes that economics undoubtedly remains a science, "a body of knowledge organized into more or less verifiable generalizations or laws pertaining to physical or non-physical events." He denies the possibility of looking upon psychology (as a science) as "a prerequisite to, or logical basis of, economics," though recognizing that "a certain fund of psychological data will prove useful to economists." As to ethics, it must be rigidly and unqualifiedly excluded from economics. Economists "will make facts a subject for ethical discussions, but not a source of ethical criteria" which will be established by "sovereigns of physical or psychic force, through a majority or minority." As to dynamics versus statics, the answer is to study "things exactly as they are, irrespective of their intricacies." "Economic statics . . . cannot be to economic dynamics what physics can be to, say, meteorology; for the latter two deal with the same number of elements, while the former two involve different numbers and kinds of elements."

To sum up the question of economic methodology, "experimentation is out of the question," while statistics, which must be relied upon for measurements, suffers, at present at least, from important short-comings.

> Reflection for economists will remain probably a mode of approach superior to statistics, no matter how much the latter accomplishes. Qualitative analysis may not be as intelligible to the casual reader as averages or a chart of coordinates well plotted, but as a subtler presentation of incommensurables, as a unified account of a complex process viewed from one angle, it should never cease to be attractive.

Such is the gist of this important book. Professor Boucke specifically avows its tentative character and it should be judged, not as dogma, but from the point of view of its suggestive, clarifying, and stimulative qualities. As such it deserves high praise, and only a pedant would seriously chide the author for the lack of accuracy which has occasionally crept into the bibliography, the foot-notes, and, alas! the grammar.

KARL W. BIGELOW.

Dynamic Psychology

Problems in Dynamic Psychology, by John T. MacCurdy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

WHILE psycho-analysis is now over a quarter of a century old, Kronfeld is, up to the present, the only person who has attempted a criticism of Freud from the standpoint of systematic psychology. In the present volume we find a critique of psycho-analysis and an attempt at re-formulation, not from a psychologist but from a medical man who has himself the background of psychiatry. Although the book is much stiffer reading for the lay person than the ordinary twaddle peddled by psycho-analysts, it is distinctly valuable because of its sound basis in science and in practice. Dr. MacCurdy points out the mass of illogic in the original Freudian thesis and then goes on to indicate the suggestive work of Burrow and especially of Rivers, ending with a standpoint of his own which makes the psychopathological due to conflicts and maladjustments between at least three groups of instinctive trends: the ego, the sexual and the herd.

The author accepts the existence of fundamental drives which seek outlets in the environment and which come into conflict with each other thus producing pathologic states. But his treatment of the unconscious, of regression, of sublimation, etc., and of the concrete forms of mental disease, gives importance to the rivalrous groups of trends just mentioned rather than attempting to write all mental pathology in terms of one particularistic source à la Freud.

The writer would add strength to his position if he made more of the work on conditioned responses, especially in the field of conditioned emotional reactions. We still await some one who will connect up, systematically, the work of Pavlov, Bechterew, Krasnogorski and Watson with the work of Sherrington on the one hand and the contributions of the psycho-analysts, Freud, Jung and Adler on the other. Dr. MacCurdy's book is a decidedly worthy gesture in that direction.

KIMBALL YOUNG.

Post Mortem

Post Mortem, by C. MacLaurin. New York: George H. Doran Company $2.50.

POST MORTEM is well named. Reading it, you seem to be strolling in a mortuary, where celebrities have been laid out—Anne Boleyn, the Empress Theodora, Emperor Charles V, Don John of Austria, Edward Gibbon, Jean Paul Marat, Benvenuto Cellini. They are not intact, but their identities are still clear. They were once romantic figures, all of them, and for the lay reader—even for one accustomed to the casual horrors of medicine—it comes as something of a shock to see them here. We are not used to visioning Charles V in his toothless old age, deliberately eating himself to death; nor Don John of Austria, radiant hero of ladies and of battle-poems, wasting from typhoid ulcer. Portrait painters have shown us Napoleon after the battle of Waterloo; but not as he lay dying from cancer of the stomach—clasping his hands over the tortured region and groaning, "Oh, mon pylore!" We have seen them in moments of despair and defeat, but rarely of physical weakness.

Now the curiosity of the physician, and his cool detachment are probing them all: and we harden ourselves to watch, as we have learned to bear the other revelations of

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science. It is almost more than we bargained for, when he says of Jeanne d'Arc in a footnote, "I hate to suggest that these specks before the eyes may have been the result of toxaemia from the intestine, induced by confinement and terror." There is a grim anticlimax to this: the pen performs its autopsies as hardily as the knife. And yet Dr. MacLaurin does not mean to lessen in any way the renown of those he dissects: what he wants is to widen the field of history until it includes the science of applied medicine. For he is a learned and civilized man, as well as a surgeon, and the book reflects wide reading and a humane spirit. Naturally Post Mortem is speculative, being based on storied symptoms; but it forces us to see that human motives of the past depended as much on physiology as we know our own to do.

ROSELEE COHEN.

Seven Ages

Seven Ages, by A Gentleman with a Duster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THE gentleman who undertook the dusting—not to say mopping-up—of some British public and private halls has washed his hands, removed his apron, and turned his energies—somewhat less violent now that he is dealing with less brittle reputations—to showing visitors through the historic abodes of philosophic thought. The publisher's description of Seven Ages as a "narrative of the pilgrimage of the human mind" makes one (if one is credulous) expect to see the tree from which The Golden Bough sprang, —but the author (as authors should be) is less pretentious, and merely promises the pilgrim a glimpse of "some of the chief battlefields of controversy out of which the thoughts of man have emerged to their present fashion of looking at life and the universe"—and selects as the seven representatives of progressive stages of metaphysical thought Socrates, Aristotle, Jesus, Augustine, Erasmus, Cromwell and Wesley.

The systems of these respective thinkers are presented in a descriptive setting of their "ages"—each a separate essay, and simplified to the understanding of the "man in the street"—so deferentially considered by all our best-selling writers. There has perhaps never been a literary "age" when this Exhausted Commercial Gentleman has been so much the criterion of letters,—his history made visible to the most naked eye by an outline, as is his science—and even his reading of metaphysics as nearly without tears as possible. There is fame and fortune awaiting the author of a Cosmic Outline in One Syllable!—We ourselves feel impelled to make it still easier for the T. B. M. to do without reading even this one volume by epitomizing the author's description of Augustine as the Spiritual Aristocrat, Erasmus as the Spiritual Liberal, Cromwell as the Spiritual Legalist and Wesley as the Spiritual Individualist,—the other three seem rather large for our pigeonholes.

The best "outline" in the book is the incidental one of the Elan Vital in intellectual terms. This is vivid, dramatic and almost as inspiring as some of M. Bergson's own stimuli to sluggish humanity. If the Gentleman with the Duster would only leave off dusting and personally conducting, mount the pulpit where he belongs and exhort us to constructive effort,—only *very* occasionally holding up one or two personal acquaintances as horrible examples,—we would go far more regularly to hear him than we do to buy his books.

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

Deadlines

Deadlines, by Henry Justin Smith. Chicago: Covici-McGee. $2.00.

THE truth about the newspaper profession—or, as the mock modesty of the practitioners insists on calling it, the newspaper game—is as hard to come by as the truth about prostitution, the sea, or war. It appears to divers men in divers way. It is romantic and sordid, idealistic and corrupt, youthful and gray with age. For Theodore Dreiser it is a grim schooling in despair; others, who have left it to lose their waist lines in more profitable occupations look back upon it with the sentimentality of a school girl. Therefore, one might say, it is impossible to write truthfully about it. Perhaps Henry Justin Smith, who is known and respected by every Chicago newspaper man, has come as near to the truth in Deadlines as is humanly possible. His creatures of the newsroom are recognizable by all who have passed through the mill, whether the wheels which ground them and which they helped to turn, were in Chicago, in Kansas City or in San Francisco. The fervent cub, the Old Man who has lost all his illusions save the belief that news is important, The Star, that lost literary soul, the Young-Man-Going-Somewhere, The Poet, The Ghost (the game is full of ghosts), Josslyn, who was intended for a professor of English and who wound up "on the desk"—these are all recognizable if somewhat romanticized types. And to write of journalism without coloring one's account with the romantic would be a mistake. Somewhere under the skin of all seasoned newspapermen is a certain childishness, a will to make believe, which keeps them going notwithstanding their traffic with morgues and police stations, with politicians and lovers of publicity, with owners and the demi-monde, and despite the drudgery which hems them in and wears them down. And this quality Mr. Smith has faithfully conveyed. One might deduce The Brass Check from Deadlines, but Mr. Smith is nearer the truth than Mr. Sinclair.

"It was inevitable," says Mr. Smith in his preliminary "Alibi," "that much of the atmosphere should be borrowed from that of a famous and fascinating newsroom." This newsroom is doubtless that dingy loft in which the huge bulk of the Chicago Daily News is so capably written and edited. But in giving the atmosphere of one of the most honest and most intelligent newsrooms in America Mr. Smith has not misrepresented the American reporter, either in his limitations or in his scruples and illusions.

R. L. DUFFUS.

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